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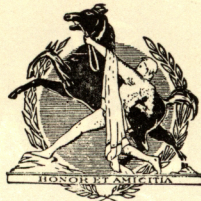
*Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney,
for transmission by post as a
periodical.*



Greetings
for
A Happy Christmas
and
Merry New Year



For all Club Members and their Families



Established 14th May, 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

Sydney

'Phone: BM 6111

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The CLUBMAN'S Corner



E. W. ADAMS, Town Clerk elect of Sydney, has been a member of this club since 1942. His pastime has been cricket, first as a player, next as an administrator.

★ ★

ROY HENDY, retiring Town Clerk, is also a club member. He was captain of Randwick R.U. Club pre-World War 1 and, as Town Clerk, is an ex-officio member of Sydney Cricket Ground Trust.

★ ★

KEN WILLIAMS is out of hospital after an appendix operation.

★ ★

RAY GRICE was taken ill suddenly while voyaging to England. Now recovered.

GREETING

*For many years our friendship
fond and fine
Has held until, to-day, our fortunes
intertwine.
A common cause connotes a
common weal.
Thus, we united stand, and
think, and feel
In all our hoarded hopes, as
brother unto brother—
We for you, you for us, and all
for one another.*

LIONEL BLOOM in hospital, but should be among us again by the time you are reading this.

★ ★

IN Scottish Hospital, but due to be out soon: Tom Muir.

TO Sydney on a brief trip from Brisbane: A. Sakzewski.

★ ★

TO U.S. on business mission: Ken Fidden.

★ ★

OUT of hospital: Ralph Hutchinson.

★ ★

HOLIDAYING at a Lake resort: Dick Lewis, R.S.L. secretary.

★ ★

TOM COOK called on at his home, where he is convalescing, by old pal W. C. (Bill) Allen returned from overseas.

EDITORIAL: XMAS MEMORIES

DO you remember, 'way back when, over the season of Christmastide and New Year shopkeepers used to hitch trees to their posts? Festivities were held in the homes. Nothing stronger than claret up was served; and the party was content.

Stronger stuff was necked by grown-ups, almost as a secret ritual, in a spare room. At the musical evening songs included "The Holy City", "Queen of the Earth", "The Star of Bethlehem".

The Christmas pudding was really prepared and cooked by mother—not ordered over the

telephone. And it contained threepences! Children believed in Father Christmas.

Cards conveyed our greetings instead of their 'phoned or sent by telegram. On Christmas Day we went to church and prayed, because we felt that way about it. The choirs and the carols sang "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus."

These times we still wish a Merry Christmas and a Merry New Year, and though some of an older generation may feel that something, something spiritual, is missing, among club members the sentiment of good-fellowship.

In Other Lands

By Bill Sherman, Club Member

HERE are highlights of my motoring tour of nearly 6,000 miles in England and on the Continent:

IN COLOGNE, Germany, I was driving slowly, looking over bomb-battered streets to ascertain my location when a youthful motor cyclist, a German, pulled alongside and asked if he might be of service.

I replied: "I am seeking the civic centre and the Cathedral." He said: "They are hard to find, but follow me." Another mile and I was there.

A couple of days later, at Dusseldorf, almost the same thing happened, except that I inquired of a young German on an auto-scooter for hotel directions. He proved again a good guide.

In both instances the strangers spoke good English. They would not accept a gift and said they felt happy in being helpful.

Again, in Lucerne, Switzerland, a young man on a push bike obliged. I have yet to enjoy a similar experience in Sydney.

Transport

I was impressed with the fare-collecting system in Milan and Rome. You enter by the rear door, buses and trams alike, and pay as you pass the conductor, who sits at a small table. Exit is by the front door.

Doors are automatically worked by conductors. You move on after paying, leaving room for those who enter at the next stop.

I was amazed at the number of Americans who took their motor cars to the Continent.

Third Column



THE CHAIRMAN'S CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

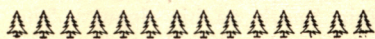


The Chairman

THE CHAIRMAN (John Hickey) addresses members:

"For myself, officially and personally, and on behalf of my Colleagues of Tattersall's Club, I extend the warmest greetings to fellow members.

Our sincere wish is that they, and those near and dear, may be blessed in the New Year with good health and happiness, and that the fellowship of club membership will remain in 1956 as strong, sentimentally and otherwise, as it has been in 1955 and years preceding."



Recollections

NEIL McKENNA referred to the passing recently of Bill Gale, sometime member of this club: "I met him in Bourke in 1884. He was a fine amateur rider. He used to sit in the top corner of the club room and talk sheep, horses and cattle with a group.

"Among this group were Bill Crothers, Jim Black, Tom Cleaver (all dead), Jack Black (brother of Jim), Alf Gilder, Clem Withycombe and Norman Brown (whose father founded the Great Western Stores and who was a patron of racing for whom I trained)."



Eric Petrie after whose family Petrie's Bight, Brisbane, was named, revisits his native city periodically, specially when an attractive race meeting is being held.



Member recalls the game in Sydney between John Roberts and Fred Lindrum. It was an afternoon session, and after the Australian had rattled up a nice break, Roberts in a moment of tense expectancy, approached the table, took aim, and—miscued! Lindrum followed and put together his sessional points. That ended it for the afternoon.

In Other Lands

Impressive was the industry shown by Germans, Austrians and Italians to restore their countries after war damage.

I was disappointed in the accommodation provided by so-called first class hotels, except those of London.

Mr. Justice Toose, a fellow club member, said to me in London: "We see so much on these tours we are likely to get mental indigestion." I agree.



Club member Arthur Bull at the Isle of Man

ARTHUR G. BULL wrote the Secretary of this club from Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire (England): "As the cold weather approaches I admit my thoughts are of sunny N.S.W. I wish you and all club members the best in the New Year. I expect to return about June."

★ ★

R. F. COX, of Martell & Co., Cognac, France, here on business, introduced in club by Geoff Harris (president of the Wine and Spirit Merchants' Association), with John Lindsay (secretary of the association), and Bill Laforrest, business director, in the group.

★ ★

AT NEWCASTLE

ADDITIONAL to references in the November issue to the Cup meeting of Newcastle Tattersall's Club, attended by the Chairman of this club and several committeemen:

Complimentary references to the conduct of the meeting were heard among racegoers. Close finishes were attributed to the judgment of Handicapper Fred Elliott.

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Happy Birthday Greetings

An old greeting, but ever new: Good health, good luck and a toast to you!

Though your days be many or, maybe, few, what else may fail you, what else you rue, count us among the tried and the true.

DECEMBER

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 H. V. Berlyn | Murt O'Brien |
| H. R. Van Borssum | J. J. Cromwell |
| 2 A. Greenhalgh | 18 H. G. Horner |
| 3 T. B. Dwyer | 19 J. T. Jennings |
| F. J. Lett | W. A. Stimson |
| 4 M. D'Arcy | A. F. Wilding |
| C. E. Donnelley | 20 Harry Sidgreaves |
| T. W. O'Shea | A. E. Grounds |
| 5 K. B. McGrath | A. E. McCartney |
| 6 P. J. Bray | C. V. Holland |
| George Parker | Arthur Bull |
| Sidney Parker | 21 E. N. Larkin |
| 7 A. C. Gelling | W. B. Molloy |
| H. H. Goldberg | 22 D. R. Walker |
| S. Sernack | C. W. Robinson |
| T. Tanner | 23 J. W. Gilligan |
| 8 N. G. Morris | 24 H. W. Broadfoot |
| D. J. Mooney | N. M. Shelton |
| L. W. Jones | 25 W. Sherman |
| A. P. Rennix | A. F. A. Little |
| 9 J. H. Keogh | 26 H. J. Bartier |
| 10 A. J. McDowell | H. C. Higson |
| G. G. Firkin | A. R. Chiles |
| 11 C. J. Fahy | 27 R. E. Sanderson |
| J. M. Sawyer | 28 Dr. A. S. Reading |
| A. F. Thomson | W. G. Tate |
| S. Y. Gresham | E. W. Abraham |
| D. A. C. Sullivan | 29 E. J. Hazell |
| J. M. McShane | W. K. Dawes |
| 12 W. Gourley | C. Rogan |
| C. E. Thompson | L. Moss, Jr. |
| F. H. M. Arthur | 30 R. A. Swift |
| 13 Eric Pratt | E. J. McDowell |
| J. A. Nivison | 31 Jack Davis |
| 14 M. Nimenski | F. M. Power |
| W. Longton | A. G. Leslie |
| Alan Davis | C. F. Waldron |
| 15 R. T. Cadwallader | L. R. Nathan |
| M. P. Webber | |
| 17 E. O. Crowhurst | |

JANUARY

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 R. B. Shankly | 18 F. S. Martin |
| 2 R. J. Burnham | R. T. Longworth |
| G. H. W. Murphy | R. K. Montgomery |
| 3 K. McKinney | D. D. Sheehy |
| J. O'Riordan | 19 L. H. Ford |
| Alan Stewart | 20 C. V. Dunlop |
| A. E. Newton | E. J. Wales |
| J. McKendrick | L. H. Howarth |
| H. Wittig | W. G. Marshall |
| 4 J. E. Bayley | Arthur McCamley |
| 5 H. E. Davis | 21 C. F. Viner |
| T. J. Flitcroft | F. E. Ezzy |
| G. D. Schrader | W. A. Fraser |
| G. O. Bourke | P. Barnes |
| 6 A. A. Ellis | 22 John Hunter |
| A. M. Flanders | R. M. Kain |
| 7 J. L. Geraghty | A. J. McGill |
| J. N. Dow | J. J. Hall |
| J. E. Sanderson | D. T. Frisk |
| Dr. E. McMahon | 23 A. K. Quist |
| A. Bellingham | H. R. W. Humbley |
| L. D. Trafford | J. W. K. Gregson |
| 8 F. G. Spurway | Dr. T. M. Armstrong |
| 9 R. A. Sharpe | G. H. Elliott |
| L. G. Kluver | L. M. Fienberg |
| B. M. Salmon | R. F. Scarf |
| W. Edwards | 25 D. G. Hyles |
| F. H. Harris | 26 A. C. Ingham |
| 10 A. E. W. Simons | W. S. Edwards |
| Stan. Clements | Bruce Kennedy |
| 11 Col. T. L. F. Rutledge | I. T. W. Stokes |
| 12 E. S. Jenkins | 27 Leonard Norman |
| J. J. Hall | L. S. Levenson |
| 13 T. R. Boyce | 28 R. J. Harris |
| Len Kirkby | L. G. Kaleski |
| A. B. Moran | 29 J. E. Head |
| E. L. Curtis | C. A. Arnott |
| 14 W. C. Allen | C. M. McCallum |
| W. C. Wurth | B. A. Mathewson |
| V. J. McCarthy | 30 R. H. Alderson |
| T. L. Casey | R. H. Parker |
| P. E. Burke | W. A. Granger |
| P. C. von Hake | 31 F. D. Powell |
| 15 G. P. Pratten | |
| O. H. Smith | |
| 16 A. C. W. Hill | |
| P. Riolo | |
| H. A. Bright | |
| 17 G. F. Radford | |
| F. J. Robertson | |

Members are invited to notify the Secretary of the date of their Birthday.

Despite the rain, Broadmeadow course was in excellent shape. Unfortunately, the weather affected the attendance which, however, was satisfactory in the circumstances.

President of Newcastle Tattersall's Club (Garry Fitzpatrick) presided at the official luncheon with Vice-President Eric Smith as his deputy. The wife of the President filled the

role gracefully of hostess to the ladies.

Among visitors noticed: R. O. Cummings, Les Fines, Jack Caldwell, Johnny Gates, Bill Kelso (trainer of the winner of the Cup) also Fred Paul.

Regret was expressed at the absence through illness of N.J.C. secretary (George Wells) and wishes for his speedy recovery were heard on every side.

Sporting Screen

CHAMPIONS BY THE STREET

DALLY MESSENGER, during the recent South Australia v. N.S.W. game at S.C.G., remarked that Double Bay held the record for famous names in sport and nominated Pearce Street over all others (wrote "Truth").

Dally asked: "Where could you get another bunch of champions like these out of a street about 100 yards long?" He named: Joe Pearce, Sandy Pearce, Bobby Pearce, Cecil Pearce, Harry Pearce, Ernie Pearce, Charlie Lees, Miss "Bubsy" Pearce and, for a good measure, George Ball, who is nearing his half century as secretary of South Sydney Rugby Leaguers. Ball married a Pearce.

Charlie Lees had the honour of winning the premiership medal in the first four years of Rugby League in this country.

Seemed a tough proposition that Dally had set up, but there was a "taker."

"You fellers should brush up your memories," quote this worthy. What about Womerah Avenue?

Here's his list: Dave Brown (record breaker in Rugby League), Reg ("Snowy") Baker and brothers Harald and Fred, Johnno Stuntz, Norman Martin, Eddie and Jack Mandible, Jack Backhouse, "Botsy" Williams, Herbie Collins and champion diver, Alec Wickham.

TED LONG, wicketkeeper of the original A.I.F. team, formed after World War I, caught six and stumped four playing for Middle Harbour against Burwood in the twenties.

TRIAL BALLS

A. E. BUCHANAN, formerly sportsmaster of Newington College, was umpire at a match between an eleven of the N.S.W. Cricket Association and the School.

Young Curtis of the College — who became famous later as a big hitter — was bowled neck and crop first ball and an appeal was made for a trial ball — they bowled trial balls in those days — and the umpire granted it. Curtis went on to score 123, not out!

In a game between St. Joseph's College and a team of visitors, Owen Crowley — later Dr. Crowley, and also a famous hitter — was bowled first ball. Appeal was made for a trial ball and the umpire ruled in favour of the batsman, whereupon Crowley went on merrily to hit-up 150, not out.

In manhood the same Crowley hit Andy Newell over the Glebe pavilion seven times.

CONDOLENCES

WE regret to announce the deaths of Frederick Cooke on November 5; elected a member, 20/9/37; and W. P. (Bill) Foley, on November 22; elected 16/4/34.

STEVE FAIRBAIRN

A HUNDRED years from now rowing people will still be talking of the late Steve Fairbairn. His name will be a legend. It is agreed that his tremendous enthusiasm in coaching and books did much to make rowing a sport which even the young man who works all the week in an office can enjoy.

WHEN FOOTBALL WAS BORN

When the Fijian R.U. team came to Australia their visit recalled a legacy of the Danish invasion of England in the 11th Century. The most commonly accepted story of the start of football followed the Danish invasion. English labourers unearthed a skull and believing it to be that of a Dane kicked it contemptuously. Other skulls unearthed received the same treatment and one labourer had an inspiration. Months later he produced an inflated cow bladder and thus the basic principle of football was born.

However, in 1600, James I commending it as a game that was "clean, honourable and manly and tended to develop character as well as the physical self," expressed the hope that it would thrive. The English saw to that. It swept into cities and villages and competitions were soon the order.

WAS HE HIT?

*Questioned whether a fighter
flat out had been hit.*

*He fell full length upon the
floor,
His face was smothered o'er
with gore;
He wouldn't, couldn't, rise for
more—
But was he hit?*

*He thought the roof had fallen
in,
For all the world seemed black
as sin,
And in his head an awful din—
But was he hit?*

*Next day at home he lay abed,
With aches in ev'ry joint and
bead.
He knew the other fellow led—
But was he hit?*

What Happened to Scrooge?

No book outside the New Testament has helped the English-speaking world to enter into the spirit of Christmas more than the Christmas Carol.

DICKENS wrote the Christmas Carol out of the laughter and tears of his own generous heart. He wrote of a season he loved, and of the things that were dear to him—of the poor whose champion he was, of children, of Christmas parties and of love triumphant. He helped to make Christmas to multitudes what Scrooge's nephew said of it:

"I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time when it has come round — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely."

HOW many times you have read "The Christmas Carol" take it up again and if possible read it aloud. Everything we love at this time of the year is in the story, but it is on old Scrooge, however, that the spotlight is fixed through every page of the book.

With his frozen features, pointed nose, shrivelled cheek, stiffened gait, blue lips and red eyes, he was every inch a miser.

The story opens on Christmas Eve. Old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house next to the little box of an office where his clerk, Bob Cratchit, worked for fifteen shillings a week, with a

fire so small "that it looked like one coal."

Two men called on him to solicit funds to provide the poor and destitute with the necessities of life.

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge. "Plenty of prisons," said the gentlemen. "And Union Workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

WHEN told that many couldn't go there and many would rather die, he replied: "If they would rather die they had better do it and decrease the surplus population." He begrudged giving his clerk, Bob Cratchit, a holiday on Christmas Day and told him to be all the earlier at work on Boxing Day.

Scrooge is every man who wraps himself up in his own interests, blinds himself to the needs and sorrows of the world and refuses to carry his share of the common burden of humanity.

On that Christmas Eve Scrooge sat there in his dull,



The foregoing story many of us have read in our nonage and again in maturity without its color departing or the moral it points diminishing. It is a story that could be written into any language and convey the same sublime message.

dark chambers clad in dressing gown and slippers and nightcap, taking his gruel. Marley's ghost entered the room.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley." After a time the ghost said: "It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad with his fellow men . . . and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death."

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge.

"Business!" cried the ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

EVERY man is Scrooge in so far that he has forgotten that "mankind is his business, that the common welfare is his business, that charity, mercy, forbearance, love are all his business." We all tend to become materialised like Scrooge unless we continually keep the fire of God's love burning in our hearts.

Three spirits came to visit him as he sat by his solitary fireside—the spirits of Christmas Past as old Scrooge had kept it; the Spirit of Christmas Present; and the Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come.

They showed him all his meanness and the misery that

he had caused others, and how he was bringing upon himself a neglected old age, a wretched death, and a forgotten grave. He was led to other homes of love and joy; and then to the poor little crowded cottage in Camden Town to see the happy family of good faithful Bob Cratchit.

POOR old Scrooge! Poor, mean, stingy, crossgrained, lonely, wretched old Scrooge! He suddenly knew how bad and pitiable an old man he was, and

he envied his poverty-stricken clerk, Bob Cratchit. He envied him his cheerful loving family and his cheerful loving heart; and, most of all, he envied him his frail little crippled boy.

Yet Scrooge had once been a little child with a laughing look. He had ridden a pony on a Christmas Day long ago, and shouted "Merry Christmas" with the best of them.

His soul was withering. The springs of sympathy began to dry up in him. He lost his sense of humour and forgot laughter.

So Scrooge gradually became the detestable old sinner that we know.

The story is not so far away in the last century. We have all seen the same thing happen—the same awful change creeping over a man or woman. That shrewish woman, sharp-featured and harsh of soul, was once a girl with laughing lips and eyes shining with dreams. That hard, cynical man, without sympathy or enthusiasm or gladness: he was once a young man and generous. What happened to them? Selfishness slowly materialised them.

Scrooge was converted. A moral regeneration was worked in him—the ghosts of Christmas past, present and to come that, each in turn, spoke to the wizened heart of the old miser, so that almost unwillingly he was softened by the tender memories of childhood, warmed by sympathy for those who struggle and suffer, and appalled by the prospect of his ultimate own desolation and solitude.

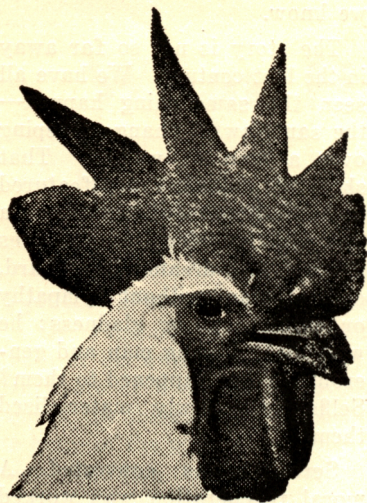
HE was born again. He renewed his youth. "I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. . . . "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world!"

When he visited his nephew, he called the servant who opened the door "my love," "my dear"; and described her as a "nice girl!" Scrooge found himself by finding people.

Year by year, through a century of years, Scrooge's transformation in a book has inspired thousands in life to enter more truly into the spirit of Christmas, and to bring us nearer to Bethlehem.



MISERABLE OLD SCROOGE in his Counting House who had none of the impulses that touch the human chords and impel men to share in alleviating the sorrows of the world. And, then, the grand conversion came. Scrooge was reborn.



"SO'RL rite, lady; it's a pleasant death," he said. "The poor things doan feel it. I just screws thar necks, so. Yer mustn't be carried away by a little blood or a flutter or two. Deaths is instantaneous, as they say when they 'angs a bloke."

The Ruthless Slayer of Fowls had spoken; but the lady with the pound of sausages in the bag was adamant.

"I doan believe yer," she remonstrated. "I seez fer meself the pore things jumpin' and flut-terin'. Why doan yer chop thar 'eads hoff 'stead o' screwin' thar necks. Croolty ter dumb animals I calls it, I do. . . . I'll tell th' pleece!"

"Orl rite, missus," expostulated the Executioner, shedding his reverence for sex. "'Ave it yer own way; but I tells yer they doan feel it. Course, I might just 'appen to pull hoff a 'ead or two occasionally, by way of haccident; but they doan feel it; dammit, I tells yer, they doan."

"I'll tell the pleece, I will," said the woman with the sausages, departing.

"Strewth, mate, wot d'yer think of that?" the Slayer said, appealing to me.

A RUTHLESS SLAYER

Many a morning from my window had I beheld his Frightfulness. But I had not known till then that he belonged to our boarding-house; that his victims provided the roast duck and the boiled fowl served on Sundays.

My window overlooked the poultry abattoir; a grass plot intervening. Had I known that he slew for us, I would certainly have complained to the landlady of this *modus operandi*. Now that I knew, I said to the Ruthless Slayer:

"I shall certainly tell the missus. You are a very cruel man. You take a diabolical delight —

"Er wot?" he queried.

"A DIABOLICAL delight," I repeated, — "in torturing fowls. I see you every morning chasing the poor creatures about the yard, rounding them into a narrow pen. Those you cannot round up you chase to a state of exhaustion. Then, you fall upon the poor, panting things and wring their necks — spinning them round and round like a Catherine wheel. In two minutes the yard is covered with wriggling creatures."

"Yes," he interposed, "but 'ow d' yer sees me?"

"From yonder window," I answered.

What time of mornings I wait on the girl with the voice to sing her complete repertoire of rag-time and play boaties in the bath, I hang out the window. Then it is that I behold the Ruthless Slayer of Fowls reveling in his task.

"Strewth!" he said to me,

"doan yer want any poultry fer Sunday dinner?"

"I do," I said, "but I want to see the birds killed mercifully, not diabolically slain."

"Strewth!" he said again.

* * *

One morning, following the argument, I paid him a visit. He was in the middle of operations. Behind the wire was a collection of ducks, hens and roosters. All were mad with terror; mad with an instinct of impending doom. He was among them, wringing necks at the rate of two a second.

"Surely we don't eat so many on Sunday," I ventured.

~~~~~  
The scene and the incidents of this story are familiar to every suburb in this season, for all the sentimental gloss applied by the storyteller.  
~~~~~

"Oh! no," he answered casually. "Y'see, I kills fer others, too."

Pausing in the act of passing a plump Orpington to the Roost of Eternity, he said:—

"See that little yaller feller over there?" indicating a haughty cockerel. "Well, I can't catch 'im. An' e' won't be kidded into th' cage neither, 'e won't. Th' 'ens is simple. I jist shoos 'em in. The ducks knows a bit more; but the roosters is cows, specially that little yaller feller."

"I wish you could catch him," I answered eagerly. "He wakes me of mornings with his raucous

crow. I want to sleep of mornings. You see, my friend is a newspaper man and, necessarily, a nightbird. You understand, I want to sleep on and on of mornings. Will no one free me of this turbulent rooster?"

I saw the Slayer kill a fowl.

"See," he said, "yer jist grabs 'em, so; an' then, so; an' thar dead, see? They doan feel it, I tells yer."

She was a dainty Leghorn pullet; a thing to win the heart of any cockerel; just the creature to be the pride of the farmyard with her snowy whiteness, her blood-red comb and quick eyes of brown. Yet she was slaughtered to make a meal for some sordid denizens of a Mosman boarding house.

The little lady made a fine fight for life. Great were her despairing yells, until her slender frame stiffened and the beautiful neck-feathers were ruffled and blood-bespattered.

In the distance stood the yaller rooster, defiant.

—CARO

GOOD-BYE TO A HORSE

ELIZABETH RANDALL wrote "Sydney Morning Herald":

For some years I have each morning fed a carrot to the baker's carthorse near my office. His ears would shoot up, and his very tail quiver. He would give me, in his way, his views on life and philosophy, and I, in my way, would give him mine, as I whispered in his ear.

He has now gone, and his place is taken by a motor truck, which has no views on life and philosophy and to which it is impossible to feed a carrot.

This is doubtless progress. But as I look about the world now, I wonder if humanity would not be the better for less technical efficiency, and more warm, human feelings—less petrol and more oats.

THE CHINAMAN'S CROCK

This story of one person's love for a horse and another one's unconcern is founded on fact.

AN Australian sublet portion of his lease to a chinaman. Transformation of wilderness into a flourishing vegetable garden followed.

John Chinaman grew comparatively rich; yet unlike many whites to whom riches came quickly, John retained an affection for the friends of his memory. Among these was a crock of a horse. Some men would have disposed of it to the nearest knackery. Not so John. He regarded the crock as a noble animal which, having shared poverty, was entitled to a portion of the riches.

But bad times came. John had to shift camp; had to seek pastures new. His great regret was that he could not take his horse.

"Me gibbit you", he said to the man who had sublet him the plot. "You take plenty care of Dobbin."

"Right-O" said the man casually; and John departed with a heavy heart.

Some time afterward I visited the homestead of the man to whom the care of the horse had been committed. After lunch he suggested that I should assist him on the job of running in what he termed "old crocks."

"Look at that old coot over there", he said, indicating Dobbin. "Run him in for disposal with the rest."

And Dobbin was run in with the rest.

Destination of these crocks, so termed, was a knackery, there to be slaughtered for animals at the zoo and racing greyhounds.

These horses had outlived their usefulness and had to be cut off from life. Yet surely they had served. After all, had Ogilvie libelled men when he wrote "Out Of The Chains?"

*When the sun falls red on the
burning plains,
From the breast of a quivering
sky,
As a poor reward for his honest
pains
They have loosed the collar and
dropped the chains,
And turned him adrift—to die!*

Well, what of that? Those crocks were useless for further service. They could not be granted an old-age pension of grass when the younger generation of equine workers claimed it. That settled matters. Dobbin must die with the rest.

* * *

It was at dinner that the man to whom John Chinaman had passed Dobbin related the story of the yellow man and his affection for his horse.

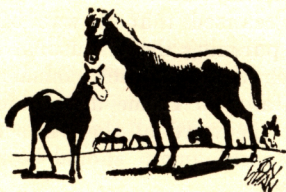
"And yet you ran Dobbin in," I interposed: "Hardly fair, was it?"

"He's only a chow's horse, anyhow," answered the man with a touch of asperity.

"Maybe," I replied, "but chows as you call them, have hearts. And your word as a white man should hold, even were it given to a Zulu."

"You're a sentimentalist," he exclaimed.

Continued on Page 10



THE MAN WHO MADE HIS RUN TOO LATE

*I tell you square—for the story's
straight—
Of the man who made his run
too late.*

*He was always going to do the
deed
That sacred shone in the human
creed.
He was ever eager to ease the
pain
Of a pal in need; nor count the
gain
That a gift might make to a
down-and-out;*

*Never would question, never
would doubt
The tale of a worker gone to
seed—
What did it matter, he needed
a feed!
The kindly word and the gentle
act
He promised all, but in deed he
lacked.*

*And while he swore to do by
stealth
Good, generous acts meaning
more than wealth,
Chance lesser grew as the years
slipped by
Till it came to the day that he
must die.*

*There, as he lay in the fading
light,
He pleaded a chance to put
things right;
To give a sou and spend a dime,
E'en forfeit all — but Death
called "Time!"*

* * *

*Was it mischance, or was it fate,
That the man had left his run
too late?
Or was it, seeking the golden
goal,
He gained so much, but lost his
soul?
Whatever it was, take warning,
mate,
And never you leave your run
too late.* —CARO

AS THEY RACE AT ADEN

ARCH HATRICK, on a world tour, wrote from Aden of a local race meeting. He mentioned that in the second race one of the riders completed most of the course bareback, with the saddle under the horse's stomach.

The local paper reported: "In the third race, it can truly be said that there was never a dull moment. Of the five runners only two finally took much part in the race. Mr. Hodges on "Gunner" was so far behind the starting line at the commencement of the proceedings that the Starter failed to notice his presence and the horses were dispatched without him.

"We have been asked by the Starter to convey his apologies to Mr. Hodges. After a furlong or so Mr. Eyre on "Nisaab" and Mr. Pennycook on "Chupatty" also became detached from their mounts. Both mishaps were attributed to saddle failures."

SWIMMER V.C.

EXPLOITS of Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, VC, from Gallipoli in War I to the desert in War II became legend. "Tiny" Freyberg (big, burly), now 58, is New Zealand Governor-General. Many people believe him to be a New Zealander. He was born in Richmond, Surrey (England). But it was as a New Zealand volunteer that he swam ashore at Gallipoli, towing oil flares and calcium lights. He lit the flares, misled the Turks, won the first of his four DSO's. He won his VC at Beaumont Hamel. He was wounded nine times, the last at Mersa Matruh.

Freyberg still swims great distances. He came within 400 yards of swimming the Channel 23 years ago.

The Chinaman's Crock

Continued from Page 9

"There is no sentiment in business. In that respect war is like business; war, indeed, is business."

"Granted," I argued, "but businessmen should keep their words. We went into the business of war because we kept our words."

"Logic based on sentiment," he came back. "Rather feminine, but—" And he brushed the ash from his cigar.

I realised that it was of no use pursuing the discussion and, changing the subject, commenced mentally to frame a scheme so that the word of the white man to the chinaman should be honoured.

We talked on various subjects. Then, when the household had retired, and all was still, I pulled on my overcoat and stole down to the stockyard. Lowering the rails, I drove Dobbin far into the hills. Again to my mind came Ogilvie's lines:

*Will he cherish the memory
even now
Of the touch of a loving band
That ribboned the lock on his
open brow
And fondled the neck that was
proud to bow
With a rose in the forehead-
band?*

—CARO

FAMOUS CRICKET JESTER OF YESTERYEAR

Among signatures in the Veterans' Book at Sydney Cricket Ground is one in the clear bold hand of a forceful character: A. Conningham. This impression of an extraordinary character was written for the magazine by a Sydney newspaperman who met Conningham at the S.C.G. in 1931.

CONNINGHAM was leading at that time the secluded life of an amateur fisherman in his leisure hour; but, many years ago, his name loomed large in the public eye, on the field and off. I had not met him until the Test Match of 1931 against the West Indians, for when he first shone on cricket and football fields, I had just realised the outrage of a bib.

So many years after, he still remained sensitive to stories concerning himself. Never, he said, had he walked on his hands down the pitch at sacred Lord's when, as a member of the '93 Australian XI, he secured the wicket of the great W. G. Grace, cheaply. Nor had he lit a fire in the outfield on Lord's Ground, complaining to Lord Harris, or somebody, that he could not otherwise warm his hands. Nor had he thrown handsprings in Philadelphia, after having knocked down the three stumps. Moreover, he had not—at Brisbane on a memorable occasion—thrown the ball deliberately at Stoddart. "Certainly," he confessed, "I had a sense of humour, and the serious folk couldn't smother it. I was always lively on the field, like Constantine."

Historic Throw

Conningham confessed that he had thrown a ball in the direction of—not at—Stoddart, but

in humorous circumstances, accepted later by Stoddart in the right light. Prior to that match, Charlie Bannerman—standing as umpire—had no-balled Conningham when he had Iredale caught early in proceedings. "Bannerman and I were excellent friends," said Conningham, "But I was hurt by his decision, and said: 'Before you leave Brisbane, Charlie, I'll show you that you really don't know a no-ball, with every respect to your class as a cricketer.'"

Against Stoddart

Opening against Stoddart, Conningham explained that he ran to within a few yards of the umpire and threw the ball. Stoddart looked amazed, and shrugged his shoulders. The newspapers were critical. "But," added Conningham, "Charlie Bannerman allowed a throw to go as part of my over, and I was able to prove to him that, as I said, he didn't know a no-ball."

The famous "Grace incident" was a more serious affair of cricket, and guile, according to Conningham, but declared by W. G. himself to have been quite legitimate. "When some of the Australians frowned, and a section of the English Press protested," Conningham added, "W. G. took me by the arm into the presence of the critics and said definitely:

"'Unless you fellows withdraw the imputation of unfairness, I will refuse to play. Mr. Conningham beat me at my own game; that's all.'"

What actually happened, Mr. Conningham said, was that, as he ran to the wicket to bowl, Grace commenced to move, and, in a way, threw him out of his stride. Follows Conningham's explanation:

W. G. Smiled

"'Enough of that, W. G.,' I said, 'you're becoming an apparition.'" He only smiled. At last I ran to the wicket, and instead of delivering the ball, whipped off the bails, with W. G. well out of his crease. He retired; and that started it. But I always remember for W. G. that he was a thorough sportsman, realising, as he said, that he had been beaten at his own game."

George Towns (86), former world's champion sculler, visited at Richmond recently his brother Charlie, who succeeded to the title. Again in Sydney, George went back to hard work as a boat-builder, saying: "I never felt better since the day I beat Jake Gander for the world's championship in Canada."

Not only is the horse just about extinct, but so are the people who work like one.

It is easy to pick the children whose mothers are good housekeepers; they are usually found in other people's yards.

The Younger Darcy

This was written by a member who saw "Frosty" Darcy, younger brother of Les, fight one Barney Thompson (Victoria) at Sydney Stadium in 1919. Weights: Darcy, 10.7; Thompson, 10.4½.

FASHIONED in smaller mould, but, none the less Les Darcy reincarnated was "Frosty," his younger brother, who was acclaimed by 10,000 people as he entered the ring. He has no reputation as a boxer and little record, but, as a ringsider observed: "See what the memory of a dead man can do."

He was right. The tragic circumstances of the great glove-man's passing had evoked sympathy for his brother.

From among the big Newcastle and Maitland sections were heard: "Remember Les."

The same quiet confidence that possessed Les on such occasions was seen in his brother. "Frosty" shook hands with his opponent in the same way as Les did with McGoorty, Clabby, the Smiths (Dave and Jeff), K. O. Brown and so forth—he shook hands cordially, always smiling.

I thought, up till the time Thompson was disqualified for a foul blow in the 18th round,

PLACID HAGEN

Story to show how calm is Hagen: In one tournament for the Professional Golfers' Association an iron shot made by him struck a competitor on the head and cannoned on to the green. Such an incident would surely have unnerved the great majority of players. Not so Hagen. After making sure that the spectator had not been injured he walked back to the ball and sank his putt for a birdie 3.

that the Victorian was leading 9 rounds to 7 with one drawn. However, Darcy had his opponent on the verge of a K.O. when the referee intervened.

"Frosty" was not spared many years of life. He lies buried with Les in Maitland cemetery.

Groucho Marx was lunching with Arthur Murray. When the check came, they both grabbed, and Groucho won. "Either you're losing your grip," said Groucho, "or I don't know my own strength."

NO DEEP END FOR DON

Sydney sporting writer, making the best of a bad interview with Sir Donald Bradman, wrote of his having sidled away to the bathroom "but proved no Caruso under the shower."

LITTLE known fact is that the tang that inspires, or imparts, song of a sort under impact of the cold shower is never experienced by Don. He dodges it, summer and winter. Even after a sticky day in the field, he takes the chill off the water.

Recoil from a plunge or shower goes back to Don's boyhood in the country. The father's practice of taking an icy plunge bath in the raw dawn became the son's obsession. Overcoming physical restraints, after many mornings, young Don went in off the deep end.

The sensation, as he recalled it, was numbing. He managed to haul himself out and struggle back to bed there to remain for

several days. The family doctor diagnosed it: "Shock from immersion."

So, if Sir Donald is a lounge room pianist, rather than a bath-room vocalist, you know the reason lies in an inhibition.

CLUB STORY

● **Drunk, counting his money, called "Three and ten." Frog in a nearby pond croaked: "Four bob." Drunk went over the count and repeated: "Three and ten." Frog: "Four bob." Drunk (throwing the coins into the pond): "Well, count the blinkin' stuff yourself."**

TENNIS RALLY

IN ONE rally of the French tennis championships of 1929, Fraulein Aussem, the German girl who thought she might have to give up tennis because of failing sight, beat "Bobbie" Heine of South Africa. In a memorable rally the ball crossed the net 80 times. Record is 413 exchanges put up in Italy when Mrs. Saterthwaite (England) won the final. Five games were decided elsewhere while the ball was hit to and fro 413 times.

A MEMORY

REMEMBER the Lew Edwards—Jimmy Hill battles at the Stadium? Hill was a brilliant boxer, but Edwards, lightweight, packed the punch of a strong welterweight. In their second match he kidded Hill into straight-lefting, suddenly ducked under one and sank his right into Hill's solar plexus. Curtains.

HISTORIC MATCH RACE

BACK in 1857 there was an epic match at Flemington — with 10 st. up, over 3 miles, and for £1,000 aside — between G. T. Rowe's Veno, representing N.S.W., and Chirnside's Alice Hawthorn, elect of Victoria.

With famous Johnny Higgeson in the saddle, Veno twice vanquished the Victorian. Between races, Johnny won a match race on Cooramin against Tomboy, run over 1½ mile.

Fancy a modern horse being nominated to race twice over 3 miles in the one afternoon!

Veno's owner was the father of G. W. S. Rowe, sometime secretary of Rosehill Race Club, who was the father of George Rowe, sometime A.J.C. secretary

and of Reg Rowe, the last named still in the land of the living. G. T. Rowe was secretary of the A.J.C. in far-away days.

Johnny Higgeson won the first race run on the Hyde Park course in 1827. He met his death through an accidental gunshot wound when only a year short of the century. His son, John, lived until he was 90.

John Higgeson had the whip carried and the leggings worn, by his father in the Veno-Alice Hawthorn race. These historic souvenirs were offered free to George Rowe for an A.J.C. museum, or the foundation of an A.J.C. museum, but nobody was interested, which was a pity.

WOOL WEALTH

OF interest not only to country readers is the wool clip as it represents a real pay-out to city dwellers as well.

The estimated clip for 1955-56 is 4,016,000 bales, which is a figure which has been dreamed of by graziers for many years. Its achievement will be as exciting as was the breaking of the 4-minute mile, in another sphere, or the first breaking of the sound barrier.

It was perhaps the bad fortune of climatic conditions that prevented its achievement during the past season, when the official estimates proved well wrong. The first estimate had to be reduced, but the final figures were substantially ahead of both estimates.

It is admittedly extremely difficult to estimate a future clip. Generally, there are three parties to its compilation, the graziers themselves, the selling

brokers and the Agricultural Council. Seldom do they agree and the final figure is a compromise.

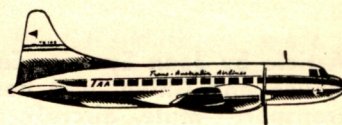
The increase in the number of sheep during the past year is put at 3,500,000, which brings the total well over 130,000,000.

OF THE three brothers Brown — John, William and Stephen — the last named never wanted to own a racehorse. He recalled when his brother John's hot favourite, Duke Foote, was beaten in the Melbourne Cup by brother William's Piastre. There had been serious differences between John and William but they shook hands after that race.

* * *

Sean O'Kelly, President of the Irish Republic, who has raced horses at Royal Ascot, has unique colors: St. Patrick's blue, gold sleeves, St. Patrick's blue cap with gold tassel.

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THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE

Article by Joan Spence, English writer, who has lived in Africa and China, and has travelled by many forms of transport—mule, aircraft, litter, bicycle and motor car. Reproduced from "Dawn," published by N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board.

CYCLES were made in Britain more than 100 years ago, but they bore little resemblance to the cycle of today. They were given strange names — velocipede, bivector, hobbyhorse, dandyhorse. They had no pedals, and somewhat resembled drawings and engravings on stone dating back to the days of Egypt, Babylon and Pompeii — two wheels connected by a wooden pole or bar. On this the rider sat and propelled the machine by thrusting at the ground with his feet.

A London "man-about-town" went on one of these machines to a reception, but fell off it, and was nearly run over by a horse and carriage. (This was, of course, before motor cars had been invented.) He was, the story says, Benjamin Disraeli, then a young novelist, who afterwards became Prime Minister of Britain and a favourite of Queen Victoria.

First Pedals

Pedals were known early in the 19th century, having been invented by a Scottish blacksmith, Kirkpatrick McMillan, in 1834. Nevertheless, progress was difficult, for the wheels were made of wood, they were seldom truly round, and the "tyres" were strips of metal nailed on to the wood. So cycling was both uncomfortable and noisy as one rattled and rocked over the rough roads of those days. Small wonder that the cycle of the mid-19th century was called the "boneshaker".

Pneumatic tyres were not invented for more than another half-century, but there were improvements even before then.

Towards the end of the 19th century there were big improvements. As metal workers and engineers became more skilful, cycles became still lighter and even women could ride them once pneumatic tyres were universal and the open frames had been invented which enabled women to mount and dismount easily and ride without needing special clothes.

Some Speed Records

Cycles became so light, so smooth-running and so fast, that cycle races became popular. In 1882 a man rode 20 miles in one hour — a speed which many could equal nowadays with a good cycle on a good road.

The fastest cycle speeds recorded on the road in Britain are 50 miles in 1 hour 40 minutes, and 25 miles in just under an hour. Rather greater speeds have been reached on tracks.

What the ordinary cyclist is interested in is a strong lightweight, long-wearing machine at a fair price, and that is where Britain excels.

When a woman is dressed to kill, her first victims are usually her feet.

* * *

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WITH A REPUBLICAN AT DINNER

THEODORE ROOSEVELT told in "American Heritage" of dining with King George V and Queen Mary at Buckingham palace, of the Royal children Roosevelt mentioned, in particular, Prince John, youngest of the family who died in boyhood, but who, had he lived, might have had the makings of the owner of an English Derby winner.

Roosevelt wrote: Toward the end of lunch the children came in. The King was telling me about them in advance. "They are all obedient except John (the youngest). I don't understand it. He is not obedient at all. Now you watch him when he comes in. He will go straight for that cake. You watch him."

TALE OF A DOG

Quoting Sun-Herald correspondent: To the statement by Professor Robert Boutflour that he has seen cows "quite interested in a radio lecture on how to bring up babies," I have this comment to make:

My spaniel, Honey-Bun, is a keen listener to the children's session conducted by the A.B.C. He is genuinely interested in the songs and the stories and always smiles at the jokes. He enjoys especially ditties which include cat and bird noises. Indeed, if the conductors of the session could see the amazing effects their mee-ows and chirrups have on him they would feel amply rewarded for their efforts. Maybe, if more of this type of song were included, it would encourage other animal listeners.

In came the children, made their manners prettily, and then sure enough, John, a nice, solid-looking little boy, made a bee-line for the cake.

Homely Scene

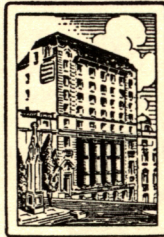
The King turned to me with an air of pride in the way the event had justified the prophecy. "There, didn't I tell you so? Now you listen to the way he answers me. He isn't like any of the other children. You just listen." Then to John, "John!" To which the boy answered, "What?" The King: "Don't say 'What' when I speak to you. Come here." Turning to me, he said, "Didn't I tell you so? All the other children are so obedient."

John started solemnly toward us, and on the way he met a rather hairless little dog called "Happy," which he began to pat, at the same time saying something to his father. The latter turned to me with another smile of triumph. "Did you hear that? 'appy is 'airy! Not an H to him! I don't know where he gets it from!"

A.I.F. IN CLOVER

PENANG Turf Club will ask the Australian troops in Malaya to become fully paid up members. In return it will give them punting comfort they will never get back home.

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THE SPORTING SCREEN

James Lincoln, U.S. Millionaire industrialist, told Rotarians, in pointing to factors motivating progress, that the mental and physical potential to run a mile in 3.58, as Landy had done, was latent back in his own college days, when the record was 4.12. Landy had an objective and incentive: a four-minute mile.

So with all human progress stimulated by aspirations, pressures, crises, he added, the achievements of to-day were latent in the spirit of men 50 years ago or more, but they did not come under an urge such as possessed Landy in going after a supreme objective.

Told at Sydney Cricket Ground: A Victorian bowler, who had the cover knocked off him by Trumper, was relegated to the boundary. Anxious to redeem himself, the bowler ran

forward and backward judging the erratic flight of a ball which Trumper had lofted to the rim of the boundary.

Making the catch, the fieldsmen was mystified when Trumper remained in his crease, and running in, asked why. "It was a bump ball," the umpire called softly.

Tommy Gorman, former League International, is so prosperous nowadays as to take a trip overseas with his wife. Tommy emerged from Too-woomba football as did "Nigger" Brown, Steinhort, Spencer and Madsen, among other "greats."

Tommy went the way of other sportsmen—became a publican and remained a teetotaler.

Country man in a divorce case had a ready answer for all his wife's questions at the breakfast sessions. Allegations that he drank on visits to Sydney were met by a rejoinder that his mission was to back Liquid Fire.

Oldest of standing records, published in the A.J.C. official racebook: 2½ miles, 4.39½, Trenton, four years, 9st., Flemington (V.), November, 1885. Bill Crothers, pastoralist and breeder, who had been among horses since his boyhood, and had seen all the great ones from the 80's to the mid-40's, always maintained that Treuton (sire of Wakeful) was the equal of any Australian-bred horse, as racehorse or sire.

"It isn't cricket" (quoting Denzil Bachelor's description): He cut Bedser to the boundary off a broad blade with a mellow note; he hit a ringing drive through the leg field; he played a rising late cut that made first slip do the splits like a ballet dancer in hard practice.

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DRAMA OF A GRAND NATIONAL WIN

The story of Moiffaa, winner of the English Grand National Steeplechase in 1904, reads like a fairy tale, but it is fact.

AUSTRALIA has produced no more freakish horse than the steeplechaser Moiffaa. In 1904, it won the English Grand National in the strangest circumstances ever associated with any race. (Writing a special feature article in Sydney "Daily Mirror."). The ship carrying Moiffaa ran into a storm in the Channel. The horse, which was housed in a special box on deck, was washed overboard and believed drowned. Some days later, a fisherman on one of the Channel Islands came upon Moiffaa collapsed as though dead on the shore.

He recognised it as a thoroughbred and recalled newspaper accountants of the drowned Australian crack. With patient attention, the horse was revived, fed and watered. Finally it was persuaded to get up on shaky legs and led to an outhouse of the fisherman's cottage. There it was bedded down with warm blankets and a fire, and carefully nursed.

Gave Markings

Between his attentions, the fisherman dashed off a letter to the authorities of the English turf. He gave the horse's markings and colour and suggested it might be the missing Moiffaa.

The island was about 100 miles from the spot where the horse went overboard. It did not seem possible any animal could battle its way that far through raging seas. Nevertheless, Moiffaa's owners went to the island to investigate. They recognised their horse. He was, however,

still so weak and sick they doubted he would ever race again. He was worth saving for the stud, so they shipped him to England. At the owners' stables at Aintree, he began a gallant fight for life.

LUCKY OVERSIGHT

Moiffaa's mission had been the 1904 Grand National on the near-by Aintree Course. By an oversight he was not scratched. On the day of the race, the stable jockey pointed out that the horse had made a good recovery and looked fit and well. Moiffaa was restless and excited at the pre-race atmosphere. He wanted to run. The jockey begged to be given a chance.

The owners eventually agreed to let Moiffaa start. They did not expect him to last the gruelling four miles and ordered the jockey to pull him up as soon as he began to tire. Moiffaa did not tire. He went round the Aintree course like a machine. Fallen horses, riderless horses, tiring horses were left behind as he got into his stride. Gradually the jockey worked him through the field. By the time they emerged into the straight, Moiffaa

was coming up with the leaders.

A great shout rose from the crowd when they realised that the challenge came from a gallant horse that a few weeks earlier had been a half drowned crock. Moiffaa went past the post, winner of the 1904 Grand National, to a wild roar of cheers rarely equalled on a racecourse.

COLOR POINT

ENGLISH racegoers will see a grey horse canter to the barrier, then discover according to the programme, that there is not any grey horse in the race.

Most people assume that the card has a misprint. But it has not. The horse in question was named and described when it was a foal. Then its real coat turned out different from his foal coat. It must remain, however, as in the English records.

CONGRATULATIONS are being accorded Israel Green on the birth of yet another grand-daughter — his sixth grandchild in four years. Isse Green says this performance is not as formidable as it sounds, as he has three charming married daughters in charge of the assembly line.

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POINT SCORE SERIES

HARRY DAVIS who has been knocking at the door for a long time in an attempt to win a Swimming Club Point Score trophy, won his first in November and members were quick to recognise his fine effort.

Even then he did not land it on his own as Dr. Les Bear, who joined up last season, tied with him after a sterling tussle.

Harry's effort was all the more meritorious from the fact that he lost a second off his handicap early in the series.

Bear's improvement has been referred to several times in these columns and it was pleasing to see him come out on top.

Actually the tussle for the first Point Score of the season was one of the best ever seen in the club as, after Davis and Bear, came Sid Sernack and Dr. Paddy Smith, a point away then followed five members a further point behind and four others level another two points away, fourteen swimmers with only four points separating them.

In the current Point Score series Sid Sernack leads, two points ahead of Geoff Eastment with Harold Herman half a point behind, Ralph Corrick one more away, a point ahead of Trevor Barrell, Lee Bowes, Peter Lindsay and Stu. Murray.

Brace Relays appear to be Corrick's long suit as he has been the winning bracket of all three and it's no wonder he wishes all the races were of that style.

Sernack has landed a first and a second and Peter Lindsay has done the same.

These Brace Relays continue

to return time smashing efforts, Lindsay and Corrick bettering their handicap time by 3.6 secs. and Corrick and Harvie by 2.9 secs.

Fields continue to be good, those for the last four events being 33, 34, 26 and 26.

Winning Times

Best winning times of the month were 21.2 G. Laforest, 21.4 M. Sellen, 21.6 R. Dowling and H. E. Davis, 22 J. O. Dexter.

Good swims lost a second of their handicaps to Dexter, Neil Barrell, Sellen, Murray, Sernack and Goldie.

Best efforts of the month were those of Lee Bowes when he gave Geoff Laforest a start and a beating and later when he gave Fred Harvie, going his hardest in a Brace Relay, a good start and just failed to get up. Lee is certainly swimming better than ever he did in our Pool.

Bad luck for him when he had a temporary loss of memory, won a heat easily and then heard the Check Starter announce that he was outed for starting too early. Funny thing was that he realised his error as soon as he hit the water.

John Henderson was a welcome addition to the membership when he raced for the first time on November 1. Was a bit restive at the barrier and anticipated the start but he will be among the winners very soon.

Congratulations

Congratulations to Cedric Emanuel on his addition to the list of Swimming Club members who have landed winners on the turf. Cedric landed his first up

with Blue Charger in partnership with Lionel Israel, also well known on the Third Floor.

Temporary illnesses and injuries have put Bill Kirwan, Bob Harris, George McGilvray, Frank Muller and Harry Davis out of action but they'll be back soon.

Harry Castles, laid up for some time, is progressing favourably and sends his regards to his friends of the Athletic Department.

The boys want to know what it cost Geoff Laforest to have his picture, plus charming partners, in two papers on the same day. Don't worry Geoff, they are all envious.

The Annual Christmas Scramble will be held on Thursday, December 22, when the prizes will be the usual seasonal cheer. Note the date and be there to wish your pals all the best for the festive season.

On Tuesday, December 20, the event will be a 40 yards Brace Relay, heats and final.

Results

1st November — 40 yards Handicap — 1st Division Final: M. Sellen (23) 1, G. Laforest (22) 2, T. Barrell (26) 3. Time 21.4 secs. 2nd Division Final: N. Barrell (24) and J. O. Dexter (23) 1, S. Sernack (25) 3. Times 23 and 22 secs.

8th November — 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap — P. Lindsay and R. Corrick (54) 1, H. Herman and G. Eastment (53) 2, L. Levenson and G. Boulton (50) 3. Time 50.4 secs.

15th November — 40 yards Handicap — 1st Division Final: S. Sernack (25) 1, A. McCamley (30) 2, T. Barrell (26) 3. Time 23.5 secs. 2nd Division Final: G. Goldie (39) 1, S. Murray (26) 2, H. Herman (27) and C. Godhard (27) 3. Time 37.8 secs.

Turn to Page 21

The Genesis of Bowls

It would be a duty importantly performed if, before the last of the oldest generation of bowlers in this State pass away, the New South Wales Bowling Association took steps to verify and place on record several matters appertaining to the establishment of the game (wrote "S.M. Herald"). Contradictory statements are published from time to time in official reports.

The latest instance of this was in a souvenir of the New South Wales Bowling Association, which accepts the story attributed to a French explorer that a bowling green existed in Parramatta over 100 years ago. This story is also accepted by the Parramatta Club, not content with a fact beyond dispute that Parramatta established the first bowling club in the State.

The story was set into circulation by a Melbourne bowler, who stated that in a French book of travels, published in 1835, the author reported that he visited Sydney in 1827 and journeyed to Parramatta, "where the most remarkable buildings were the soldiers' barracks, prison cells, two churches and the Golden Fleece Hotel, the latter offering in front a "bouligrin, surrounded by a carriage-way, and closed in by a fine iron railing."

What Records Show

The records do not disclose that there was a Golden Fleece Hotel, but there is record that from 1821 there was a Woolpack Hotel, which was kept by Andrew Nash, and was the centre of the social activities. It was the headquarters of the Royal Mail coach, which daily dashed up to the entrance with a great burst of trumpeting. It was the rendezvous, too, of the land kings from near and far, and a popular place for honey-mooning and even church meetings.

No Alternative

There appears to be no doubt that this was the hotel which

the French voyager visited, for he scarcely had any alternative, as the Woolpack was the leading hotel, almost exclusively patronised by distinguished visitors and men of position. It is easy to imagine that in transcribing his notes the Frenchman converted Woolpack into Golden Fleece, and that in using the word "bouligrin" he meant a green lawn, which was the synonym in the French dictionaries of the period. It was a word, according to authorities, used by French-Belgians, and which has no place in present-day dictionaries.

NAMES

SO many buyers of yearlings have said publicly that they have been puzzled to think up decent names for their possessions that we come to their aid with one suggestion: Incitatus. This was the name of the favourite horse of the Emperor Caligula, who wanted to have him elected consul. Incitatus had a marble stall, an ivory manger, a collar of precious stones, a house with fine furniture, and a retinue of slaves. He occasionally gave parties that were the talk of the Appian Way.

Footnote to History: The Appian Way was, of course, the place where the slaves hung out.

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IN our match against Waverley we won by the barest of margins, making it two in a row. The performance of Ken Ranger's rink is worthy of special mention. Against strong opposition they romped home by five shots and the skip lived up to his newly acquired title, "Killer Ken." Results:

F. Hay, F. Vockler, V. Bear, P. J. Schwarz (T.C.), 25; P. Woolcock, J. Phillips, A. Buck, E. Nettheim (Wav.), 22; A. Buckle, G. Lewis, R. Spencer, A. Turner (T.C.), 32; J. Gum, G. Levey, F. Coulson, M. Faul (Wav.), 18; E. Empson, A. Webster, J. Pick, N. Hough (T.C.), 24; F. Stone, H. Jones, C. Walker, L. Johnson (Wav.), 19; W. Dittfort, E. A. Davis, Ken Ranger (T.C.), 20; G. Rowles, W. Shirley, Jim Toomey (Wav.), 15; J. Shaffran, J. Harris, J. O'Neill (T.C.), 27; J. Gibb, L. Young, C. Baker (Wav.), 13; G. Marshall, S. Relton, H. Hill (T.C.), 23; J. Lough, F. Spyer, C. Miller (Wav.), 23; G. Brown, C. Cohen, A. Cox (T.C.), 28; F. Watt, N. Drewitt, A. Cleary (Wav.), 19; J. Keogh, F. Brierty, K. Williams, T. O'Shea (T.C.), 17; E. Rayner, G. Gray, R. Witson, J. Friendship (Wav.), 29; J. Cook, D. O'Brien, E. Abbott, J. Monro (T.C.), 18; H. Sampson, H. Davis, H. Spyer, A. Preece (Wav.), 35; R. Ball, F. A'Hearn, G. Booth (T.C.), 19; W. Pope, C. Wharton, L. Fingleton (Wav.), 31.

Congratulations

Tattersall's Bowling Club was well represented in the Blue Mountains carnival. Congratulations to Harold Hill on being one of the prize winners. His bowl-

ing throughout was fine. With the slightest piece of luck, he would have been battling out the final of the "Singles."

Elgar Collins was also well up with the leaders in the Singles and was freely tipped as a likely winner. Sam Peters and Norbert Jones did well in their sections under trying conditions. Don Passmore made the fifth round of the pairs, but was dogged by a gale in this match.

Many hard luck and humorous stories were told, but the gem of all was during a tense game, when the player asked the marker, "The position, please." After careful scrutiny of the "Head" his answer came back, "Hopeless."

From the Wilds

Fred Vockler has had to put on extra staff to handle his congratulations mail after his brilliant win in the "Triples" at the Bay. News of his victory was relayed to the remotest parts of Australia. One of his prized possessions is a telegram from the wilds of Queensland signed "Bells."

The draw for the Triples knockout competition has been made and competitors will assist Alick Buckle by arranging their games promptly. During the months of January and February at least five rinks will be reserved for this competition. Unless members carry out the instructions of the circular confusion can be caused.

The return match against Newcastle Tattersall's Club will be quite an event, as the 20 odd bowlers have decided to give the "Buckle Express" away this year and to charter a plane.

Christmas

DANCING and CONCERT NIGHT



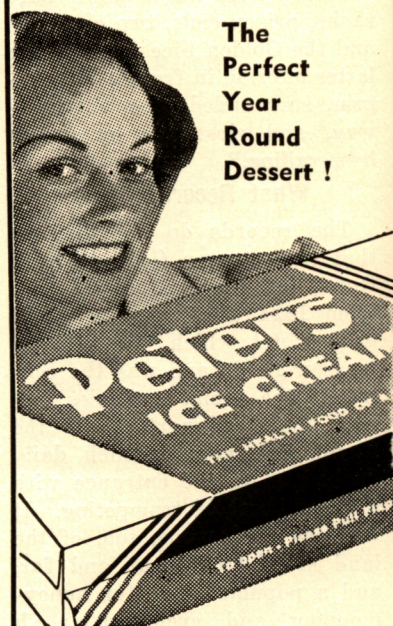
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Handball

EDDIE DAVIS WINS THE "WINOOKA" TROPHY

THE competition for "Winooka" Trophy has been finalised with Eddie Davis defeating Ken Francis in the final. Results:

Semi-final: Ken Francis v Geoff Eastment; Eddie Davis v George McGilvray. Final: Ken Francis v Eddie Davis. Winner: Eddie Davis.

Ken Francis had a nice victory over Geoff Eastment by 41-39. Ken has shown great improvement throughout this competition and was much too steady for Geoff.

Eddie Davis played George McGilvray after a couple of postponements, although both players were not physically at their peak, as Eddie was off colour and George had a foot injury which hampered him. However, like true sportsmen, they realised the competition had to be finished, so they consented to play and gave a good exhibition. Eddie won 41-

33. He had anxious moments as George gave him a stern struggle. Thanks fellows, for your co-operation.

Played from Scratch

This made the final Davis v Francis. Davis playing from scratch and Francis from 22. The game was 41 up, and a fine exhibition it was too. Eddie excelled himself and won by 41-36. Ken did well to run up to such a grand exponent of handball. Congratulations, Ken, on your fine showing! Also best wishes to all competitors who played and lost.

The "Amounis" Trophy is now in full swing. Most first round matches have been played, details of which will be given in our next issue.

Handball members take this opportunity of wishing all members and staff of Tattersall's Club "A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year".

SWIMMING NOTES

From Page 18

22nd November — 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap—R. Corrick and F. Harvie (50) 1, S. Sernack and F. L. Bowes (46) 2, G. Eastment and N. Barrell (49) 3. Time 47.1 secs.

October-November Point Score

This series resulted: H. E. Davis and Dr. C. L. Bear 20 points, 1; S. Sernack, Dr. P. G. Smith and M. Sellen 19, 3; C. P. Godhard, R. Harris, R. Corrick, T. Barrell and J. O. Dexter 18, 6; C. Bowes, G. Eastment, G. Laforest and S. Murray 16, 11; F. L. Bowes 15½, 15; A. Allsop and P. Lindsay 15, 16.

November Point Score

With one event to complete it, the leaders in this series were:— S. Sernack 19, G. Eastment 17, H. Herman 16½, R. Corrick 16, T. Barrell, F. L. Bowes, P. Lindsay and S. Murray 15, C. Godhard 14½, F. Harvie 13, G. Boulton, A. McCamley and A. Allsop 12, M. Sellen 11, R. Dowling 10½, L. Levenson, F. Daly, G. Shaw, G. Laforest and N. Barrell 10.

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Tattersall's Club (Randwick) Sat. 31

JANUARY

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(At Randwick)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 7
(At Canterbury)

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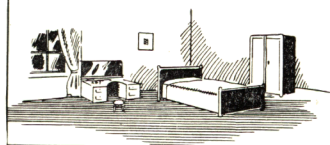
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Continued from November issue.

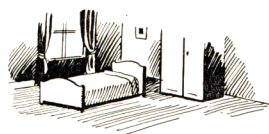
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GILBERT, Arthur George Wilson ..	Company Director ..	Mosman ..	T. J. Powell ..	Lionel Bloom
RYAN, Philip James ..	Real Estate Development Officer ..	Rose Bay ..	W. E. Black ..	L. J. Campion
FOSTER, Kenneth Carlyle ..	Bank Officer ..	Manly ..	A. V. Caswell ..	L. D. Trafford
BUTCHART, Charles Edward ..	Solicitor ..	Roseville ..	G. W. Tancred ..	F. E. Shepherd, Snr.
BYRON, Albert John ..	Managing Director ..	Lindfield ..	W. J. Dunlop ..	G. W. Tancred
HOPE, Andrew ..	Company Director ..	Lindfield ..	A. A. Ritchie ..	T. S. Prescott
McGOWAN, William John ..	Director ..	Northbridge ..	E. A. Westoff ..	V. J. Toohy
KINCHINGTON, Barrie Richard ..	Judge's Associate ..	Waverley ..	Mr. Justice Clancy ..	A. G. Connolly
FIENBERG, Bennett Jacob ..	Chemist ..	Concord West ..	G. Fienberg ..	Lionel Bloom
ROBINSON, Peter William ..	Sales Manager ..	Wollongong, N.S.W. ..	A. J. Chown ..	J. B. Theodore
STORMON, John Louis ..	Pharmacist ..	Northbridge ..	W. G. Hutchinson ..	Dr. I. L. Bull
LANCEY, Thomas Harold ..	Company Director ..	Balgowlah Heights ..	C. C. Mitchell ..	S. G. White
LLOYD, Jack ..	Importer ..	Sydney ..	His Honour Mr. Justice Herron ..	A. J. Chown
COMANS, James Vincent ..	Solicitor ..	Vaucluse ..	M. E. Persson ..	V. Richards
VANDENBERG, Russell Anthony ..	Medical Student ..	Darling Point ..	J. Harris ..	K. F. Williams
NULAND, Lester Hall ..	Executive ..	Sydney ..	Hon. T. G. Murray ..	W. P. McGrath, Snr.
CARTHEW, Alan Leslie ..	Managing Director ..	Sydney ..	J. A. Williams ..	R. S. Bailey
HAIGH, John Andrew ..	Horse Trainer ..	Kensington ..	L. J. Haigh ..	W. Mulligan
COX, Frank Eric ..	Associate Director ..	Harbord ..	N. Seamonds ..	E. A. Westoff
TYLER, William Henry ..	Shoe Retailer ..	Scone, N.S.W. ..	H. V. Cooper ..	E. C. Harnett

(Continued next issue)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB IN SYDNEY



BEDROOMS



FLOOR

5



DINING ROOM



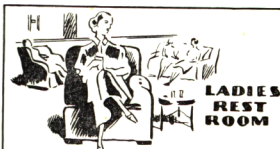
LOUNGE



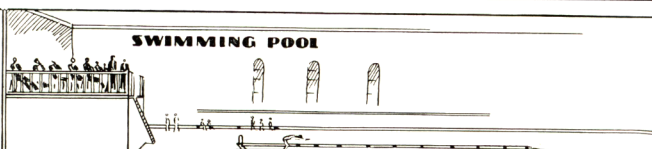
BAR

FLOOR

4



LADIES REST ROOM

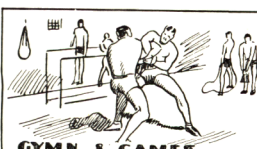


SWIMMING POOL

FLOOR

3

me 33.



GYMN. & GAMES



TREATMENT



FLOOR

3



CARD ROOMS



BUFFET & BAR



BILLIARDS



OFFICE & BOARD ROOM

FLOOR

2



CLUB ROOM



BAR



BOOKING OFFICE



BARBER



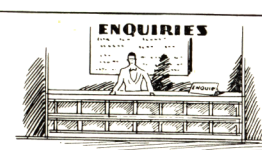
GROCERIES

FLOOR

1



CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE



ENQUIRIES



ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE

GROUND

FLOOR



STORE ROOMS



PUBLIC SETTLING ROOM



SAFE DEPOSIT

BASE-

MENT

TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

ANNUAL RACE MEETING

Randwick Racecourse

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, and the Secretary, Newcastle Jockey Club, Newcastle, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

FIRST DAY:

Saturday, 31st December, 1955

TWO-YEAR-OLD MAIDEN HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies)

With £850 added. Second £170, third £85 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. **Five Furlongs**

JUVENILE MAIDEN HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings)

With £850 added. Second £170, third £85 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **Six Furlongs**

THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

With £900 added. Second £180, third £90 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. **One Mile**

THE CARRINGTON STAKES

With £1,750 added. Second £350, third £175 from the prize. The winner of the Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1955, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb., as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Lowest handicap weight 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **Six Furlongs**

(Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 28th November, 1955).

NOVICE HANDICAP

(For Three-year-Olds and upwards at time of starting)

With £850 added. Second £170, third £85 from the prize, Lowest handicap weight 7st. **One Mile and a Half**

DENMAN HANDICAP

With £1,000 added. Second £200, third £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. **One Mile and a Quarter**

PACE WELTER

With £900 added. Second £180, third £90 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. 7lb. **One Mile**

SECOND DAY:

Monday, 2nd January, 1956

NEW YEAR'S GIFT

(For Three-Year-Olds)

With £900 added. Second £180, third £90 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. **Seven Furlongs**

NURSERY HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Olds)

With £850 added. Second £170, third £85 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. **Five Furlongs**

FLYING WELTER HANDICAP

With £1,000 added. Second £200, third £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. 7lb. **Six Furlongs**

TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP

With £2,000 added and a Gold Cup valued at £300. Second £400, third £200 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, 1955, The Summer Cup, 1955, or The Carrington Stakes, 1955 to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb., as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Lowest handicap weight 7st. (No allowance for Apprentices.) **One Mile and a Half**

(Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 28th November, 1955)

ENCOURAGE HANDICAP

(For Three-Year-Olds and upwards at time of starting)

With £850 added. Second £170, third £85 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. **One Mile and a Quarter**

GLADSOME HANDICAP

(For Fillies and Mares Three-Years-Old and upwards)

With £900 added. Second £180, third £90 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. **Seven Furlongs**

ALFRED HILL HANDICAP

With £1,000 added. Second £200, third £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. 7lb. **One Mile and One Furlong**

ENTRIES are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, and the Secretary of Newcastle Jockey Club, Newcastle, as follows: **The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup** before 3 p.m. on **Monday, 28th November, 1955.** **Minor Races** (both days) before 3 p.m. on **Monday, 12th December, 1955.**

WEIGHTS to be declared as follows:—For **The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup** at 10 a.m., **Monday, 12th December, 1955.** For **Minor Races**:—**First Day**, at 8 p.m. on **Tuesday, 27th December, 1955;** and for **Minor Races**:—**Second Day** at 10 o'clock p.m., **Wednesday, 28th December.**

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, as follows:—For all races on the **First Day** before 12 noon on **Wednesday, 28th December, 1955,** and for all races on the **Second Day** before 12 noon on **Thursday, 29th December, 1955.**

PENALTIES: In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) the winner after the declaration of weights, of a flat race or races shall carry such additional weight (if any) for each win as the Handicapper shall determine (not exceeding in the aggregate 7lb.).

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

'Phone BM 6111

M. D. J. DAWSON, Secretary